



THE SPRAGUE HOME

Nurses' Residence, 1750 West Congress Street

The Presbyterian Hospital Bulletin

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Subscriptions, 50 Cents a Year, may be sent to Asa Bacon, Superintendent, The Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago, or to Mrs. Wm. Coffeen, Hinsdale, Ill.

EDITORIAL NOTE

A combination Bulletin has again been deemed wise by the Committee.

Our minds will be carried back to the Annual Meeting by the article on "Care of Crippled Children," by Jane Neil. The splendid address of Rev. George Roberts will recall the Graduation Exercises of the nurses and extracts from Mr. Bacon's talk brings back Hospital Day, the last public activity before the summer recess.

The fall work of the Board has begun auspiciously with large attendance at the meetings. This issue records the loss of two devoted members whose splendid work should be an inspiration to many others to carry forward the projects so well established.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Octavius S. Newell, Honorary President
Lake Forest Church
Died May 22, 1927

Mrs. F. W. Main
Normal Park Church
Died March, 1927

When *fnis* was written in the Book of Life for Mrs. Octavius S. Newell, on Sunday, May 22nd, 1927, the Woman's Auxiliary Board of the Presbyterian Hospital lost its second President (1895-97), its only remaining Honorary President, and the hospital a friend almost from its organization, for it was in April, 1889, that the chapel in which we are seated was filled with a capacity audience for the dedication of the Jones Memorial, the gift of the heirs of Daniel A. Jones, Mrs. Newell, a daughter, being one of the heirs, Rev. John Barrows, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, giving the address.

From that time on, all through the years of her activity, Mrs. Newell's ardent interest in the hospital and its expansion to meet the needs of the time never waned. She believed in its purpose, had faith in its management, and confidence in the administration of its Board of Managers. She did not hesitate to call attention to what seemed to her mistakes in administration, but her criticisms were kindly and just, and she was open to conviction.

Mrs. Newell had a broad but conservative vision of what the Woman's Board might accomplish. She foresaw the opportunities for a wider scope of work, and wished the Board to accept such opportunities as responsibilities, but always to make sure proper provision was made before such acceptance.

And so it was Mrs. Newell who first assumed a large share in the support of Social Service when it was made evident that such service was a necessary adjunct of hospital activity, and the Woman's Board voted to include it in an expansion of its work. Later it was Mrs. Newell who discovered that the income from a certain bequest of Mrs. Daniel A. Jones should properly be devoted to this work, as that was evidently the intent of the bequest,

though not so designated, because the name "Social Service" did not exist at the time the will was executed. Presenting her conviction to the Board of Managers, an agreement was made by which the Woman's Board receives annually four hundred dollars (\$400) towards its Social Service expense.

Again was her active interest in changes of methods of operation made evident when in 1909 the presenting of large public entertainments for the raising of money was abandoned and the Pledge Fund established. In discussion in executive session, Mrs. Newell presented a fully worked-out plan which would yield annually not less than five thousand dollars (\$5,000), she herself heading the list of large contributors.

The memorial tablet to be placed in this room will, in accordance with such memorials, record only formal dates as to time of Presidency and Honorary President, and only a few will be able to read between the lines and fully appreciate the faithful service it commemorates. No words can adequately express the confidence of this Board in the ultimate decision of the one whom the tablet honors.

Sitting, always in the front row, rarely speaking unless called upon, her opinion in important matters was expressed by a carefully considered vote. Important as she was to the Board as a body, to the President taking office in April, 1909, who at this time is privileged to pay this tribute, she was her rock of defense. It was a time of change, of innovations, and Mrs. Newell was the ever wise counselor in the enlarging work, restraining too great enthusiasm, encouraging well considered advances. Much of the successful inspiration of that period was inspired by her, in quiet monthly conferences. She was the "power behind the throne."

Mrs. Newell had the rare privilege of passing on her interest to daughter and granddaughter. Few daughters and granddaughters receive such a heritage from mother and grandmother of blessed memory. We rejoice with Mrs. Childs and Mrs. Lawrence Smith in their inheritance, with a full appreciation of what it means to the Hospital and this Board.

Another gift was hers—that of possession of attributes that have the power of making and keeping friends. There is nothing that more closely cements friendships than the working together of kindred minds in the fulfillment of a worthy purpose. Many such friendships have been cemented on this Board till we may truly say:

"Blest be the tie that binds"

"The fellowship of kindred minds."

Our friend will not again meet with us, but if she could send a message I am sure it would be to urge the members of the Board today to believe there is just as much need now as ever for women to be helpful in hospital activities. She would encourage, being wisely alert in grasping opportunities for such service—she would bid you of the younger generation to think well of those who are gone, to give thanks for what they have done, not to ask them back, to renew the task. Ask help for yourselves to carry on.

Mrs. D. W. Graham.

Thinking of our beloved Mrs. Newell takes us back to the beginning of the hospital when her father, Daniel A. Jones, and his wife, Harriet A. Jones, were our staunchest friends and made this institution possible.

Mr. Jones, although not a member of the Board of Managers, was an early contributor and a great influence in making friends for the hospital. The Board, in appreciation of his work for Presbyterian and in recognition of his sterling character and worth as a citizen, honored him at his death by adopting a memorial resolution, which was mentioned in the third annual report of the hospital.

Following the death of Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones took up active work on the Woman's Board. She was elected to the office of Vice-President, in which position she served faithfully until 1897, when she was made an Honorary President. There is official mention of the passing of Mrs. Jones, one of the hospital's greatest friends, in the twenty-fifth annual report of the Woman's Board, and a memorial by Henry B. Stehman, M.D., in the Bulletin of October, 1914.

As Mrs. Jones took up the work begun by her husband and continued until God called her, so the daughter, Mrs. Octavius S. Newell, carried on, for as early as the seventh annual report of the Woman's Board we find her beginning her apprenticeship as Vice-President, working side by side with her mother. She served in this capacity until 1895 when the Board, recognizing her ability, elected her as their President. In this office she served faithfully for two years, when Mrs. Charles Hamill was elected and Mrs. Newell took the position of Vice-President and served until 1918, when she was elected Honorary President, which position she held until the Master called her.

The Jones family has been one of the cornerstones of Presbyterian since its organization, Mrs. Newell carrying on the work begun by her father and mother with a faithful and motherly kindness that won the hearts not only of the patients in the Jones Build-

ing, but of our entire hospital family. As a result of their benefactions we have the Jones Building of one hundred and fifty beds which, since its dedication in 1888, has cared for over one hundred thousand sick and injured, five endowed rooms, an endowment of \$10,000.00 for social service and a substantial sum for the upkeep of the rooms. These wonderful gifts have made it possible not only to care for sick and injured people here, but also to train doctors and nurses so that they may go out into the world to minister to suffering humanity. Research work done in the laboratories of the Jones Building has made, and is making, valuable contributions to medical science. The spiritual welfare of the patient was not overlooked, but was provided for in the chapel where, for nearly forty years, religious services have been held every Sunday except when some contagious disease in the hospital has prevented.

It was my privilege to become acquainted with Mrs. Newell nearly twenty-seven years ago. My good friend, Dr. Pearsons, introduced us at one of the Woman's Board meetings. From that time on she always came to me with her problems in caring for the sick who appealed to her for help. Her motherly interest seemed to draw people to her, especially when they were in trouble. In caring for such people she was always considerate of the hospital and its interests. With the passing of thousands of patients through our doors there have been many weighty problems to work out and stupendous difficulties to overcome in the matter of caring for the sick, but, through the cooperation of thoughtful and sympathetic workers like Mrs. Newell, our problems have been solved and our difficulties overcome.

Not only the hospital, but the community at large, has suffered a great loss in the passing of Mrs. Newell. Until her health failed, she was ever ready to do more than her share. She was a wise counselor and a devoted friend, a Christian lady with courage to stand for what she believed to be right, yet with full consideration and respect for the opinion of others. Our hospital family feels a deep appreciation of her character, gratitude for her service, and sorrow that we shall see her face no more.

ASA S. BACON,
Superintendent of the Presbyterian Hospital.

The sudden death of Mrs. F. W. Main was a great shock to the Woman's Board of the Presbyterian Hospital. At the March monthly meeting of the Board she had given, as usual, the report of the committee of which she for so many years was chairman—the Child's Free Bed. Though she did not serve as chairman till the second year of its existence, Mrs. Main may well be considered the organizer of this committee, and her faithful, untiring devotion to the work will cause her name to be remembered in such connection throughout Chicago Presbytery for many years and revered by the members of this Board as they recall her dignified presence as for more than twelve consecutive years she stood before them, presenting her ever-growing reports, calling attention both to new schools enlisted and to some which were not keeping up to their record.

Mrs. Main's interest was not confined to the children, as was shown by the Silver Cross Booklets, which were given by the score to the Library Committee for distribution in the wards of the hospital. Made under her supervision, these booklets consisted of interesting reading, culled from current magazines, attractively bound in paper, decorated with a few pictures and tied with ribbon, and with so little weight that the weakest could hold one, and many a weary hour was lightened and made happy by the thoughtfulness of this friend to the sick.

Again was her joy in service demonstrated when for the Saturday afternoon entertainments she would appear with a group of her Silver Cross chorus, conducting them herself and supporting them with her own rich contralto voice. Is it any wonder we miss her? When a personality so rare, so gifted, so ready to give herself utterly in helpfulness to others is so suddenly taken, there is a void seemingly impossible to fill till there comes the realization that the most fitting way to show appreciation is for someone to continue in her footsteps.

As she was faithful and loyal to the hospital work, so was she in her church activities, as was said by her pastor, Rev. R. O. Thomas, of the Normal Park Church, of which church she had been a member for seventeen years, uniting by letter from the Eighth, now combined with the Central Presbyterian church.

"Charitable in her thinking and attitude toward all" was his tribute at the final service. "A beautifully unselfish life, constantly flaming out in a silent stream of ministry."

After stating that the Child's Free Bed Fund, through her well considered policy, has reached the sum of \$26,810.00, which has fully paid for five beds and a substantial amount towards the sixth,

Mr. Bacon, superintendent, closed his tribute with, "We shall miss her wise counsel and help in hospital activities, and we shall gratefully cherish the memory of our association with her in this great service."

"Blessed is her memory,
Blessed are her labors,
Blessed is her reward,
Blessed are we who have shared in that service,"

were the closing words of the prayer of Rev. E. N. Ware, chaplain of the hospital, who conducted the devotional part of the memorial service.
I. B. G.

The following letter sent to all Sunday Schools in the Presbytery before Easter, brought in a generous response.

"Dear Superintendent: Owing to the death of Mrs. F. W. Main, Chairman of the Child's Free Bed Fund, all envelopes and Child's Free Bed banks will be sent direct from the hospital to Sunday Schools needing them for their Easter collection.

"This is a special fund made up entirely of gifts from the children of our Presbytery, and all of the money goes into a perpetual endowment for the care of poor sick children. The hospital management is anxious to increase the fund substantially this year, not only on account of the urgent need, but also as a tribute to Mrs. Main, who gave so many years of faithful service to the work.

"Please notify me promptly how many of the banks and envelopes your school will require, so that they may be forwarded to you in plenty of time for the Easter service.

Faithfully yours,

ASA BACON, Superintendent."

April 1, 1927.

CARE OF CRIPPLED CHILDREN IN CHICAGO

BY JANE NEIL

PRINCIPAL OF SPALDING SCHOOL FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

It gives me great pleasure to come before this Woman's Board of The Presbyterian Hospital to tell the members what Chicago is doing for its crippled children through the remarkable co-operation of its famous physicians and surgeons, its generous hospitals, its special public schools for crippled children and other social service agencies. To come to the Presbyterian is now like coming home. Twelve years ago I was appointed principal of the Spalding School for Crippled Children, without experience or training for this highly-specialized kind of public school work. Very early in that experience Miss Jessie Breeze became the adviser and friend which she is today, always, too, a source of inspiration for Social Service work.

To be successful in any community the work for crippled children should have the active assistance of both professional and philanthropic groups, especially groups like this working to build up organizations like the Presbyterian Hospital. There are other groups like the Shriners, Rotary Clubs, Kiwanis Clubs, women's clubs, etc., all contributing to the plan to build a road down which this never-ending procession of crippled children—children deprived of their birthright to leap and play in the sunshine—may travel to health and happiness and to successful citizenship. Dr. Robert Jones, the eminent orthopaedic surgeon, says we must "get them early" and see them through hospital care, convalescent care and education. To this our experience adds that we must find ways and means of placing them successfully in doing their share of the world's work. This is not only sound economics, it is humanitarian, for only the man who can share in the world's work, in the joys and sorrows of others, is truly happy.

If I were a surgeon or a nurse I should begin my story at that side of the crippled children's case, but since I am in the educational field, I will show you our responsibility and our share of the co-ordinated efforts of this big city in its care of these unfortunate little ones. Twenty-eight years ago the Chicago Board of Education established the first two classes for crippled children, one of these being on the west side in a room provided by the Home for Destitute and Crippled Children at Park and Paulina streets. Later the now famous Spalding School for Crippled Children was built next door to the hospital but having no official relation. I am proud to say, however, that the unofficial relation is beautiful to see, no mine or thine where little children are concerned. Miss Harriet Phillips,

the kindly superintendent, has seen the Spalding School grow from a class of fifteen children to a building caring for nearly six hundred day pupils. The second class established so long ago under Mrs. Florence Pronty Robinson is now the beautiful new Christopher School for Crippled Children opened recently by the Board of Education at Fifty-first Street and Artesian. Besides these, there are two other centers, the Jahn School on the north side and the Taylor School on the extreme southeast side. In motor busses which traverse nearly every corner of the city of Chicago is, today, bringing to these four schools twelve hundred crippled children. In these institutions they have educational advantages second to no school in the city. Recently a four-year High School course was added and already about fifteen of these handicapped young men and women are in college, the majority attending Lewis Institute at Madison and Robey streets.

In the physical care of these children the schools mentioned are unique. Every one of the twelve hundred is under the care of a physician, and is registered at some hospital or clinic. Every time that a bed for crippled children is added to the Presbyterian Hospital, you are furthering this great work. At the school there are ten physiotherapists and nurses giving after care under the direction of physicians and surgeons. Children afflicted with infantile paralysis, 42% of the group, have massage, muscle training, swimming, etc.; those with tuberculosis of the bone, 18%, are under the care of nurses provided by the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium; and cardiacs, 10%, are under the Chicago Heart Association and a nurse provided by the Visiting Nurse Association. The V. N. A., under Miss Foley, has a committee on after care of crippled children which works in co-operation with the special schools. Nurses are provided in each of them so that there shall be no break in the care of the children when they come to school after the acute stage of their illness is past. It is such an inspiration to see children under this care of surgeons, hospitals, nurses and teachers progress from helplessness in wheelchairs to crutches and from there to independence, sometimes with braces and sometimes without; a little band worth all our efforts. Besides specialized care as prescribed by the physicians the school provides food, rest, baths, dental care, etc. It is not a case of "all work and no play," for many good times are provided by kind friends.

Chicago has done much for crippled children, but much remains to be done. We need the addition to the Spalding School, already assured, and new schools for crippled children for the north and south sides. We need more beds for adolescent crippled children.

There are enough for children up to twelve years of age, but there is a crying need for those between twelve and eighteen years. I wish The Presbyterian Hospital could provide these. We are in need above all else of more convalescent homes like the one at Prince Crossing. Especially do we need beds and convalescent care for cardiac children. We are now classing these as crippled children, realizing that from uncared-for cardiacs come more dependents in adult life than from any other groups.

Ten years ago the Chicago Rotary Club made a survey of crippled children and facilities for their care and training. It located five thousand crippled children and it was not a house to house canvas. It called attention to the facilities for care and training which I have mentioned and also to the need of further study of the vocational training and placement of crippled children in these special schools. Last year it carried on another study in this particular field and on Jan. 1st, 1927, entered into an agreement with the School of Social Service Administration of the University of Chicago to carry forward this study under its guidance. With forces like these at work we feel that the crippled children of Chicago will, in the near future, have a complete program for care and training. After all, it is not an entirely unselfish program for, as a great English lawyer once said, "The education of the crippled child is not philanthropy, it is enlightened self-interest."

I hope the members of this group will visit the Spalding School some day, any and all of you. We invite visitors any school day from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. As citizens of Chicago you will be proud of her efforts in behalf of crippled children.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATING NURSES

BY REV. GEORGE ROBERTS

Samuel Taylor Coleridge once said that often the history of a single word tells us more about a period in history than all the long accounts of wars, battles and councils. And it is true that almost every age in the world's varied history can be fairly well summed up and understood by the knowledge of some word that was most frequently in use at the time. Sometimes it might be such a word as "conquest" (too often for the world's good it has been such a word); again it may be something akin to "hope"; and again still it may be some word of an entirely different aspect and meaning. The day in which we live has one too; one carried over from the last century to strike the note of almost everything during the first quarter of this twentieth century. It is a word one almost hesitates to mention, and still more to suggest as the subject of another one of the hundreds of commencement addresses which punctuate this season of the year; because it seems such an old word, and it has recently become commonplace, trite and hackneyed. It is the word service. It is an old word, of course, but it has received a new baptism of power, of universality and of life. To the Pharisee of the days of the New Testament it was synonymous with worship and the observance of forms in the temple, a meaning which still adheres to it as we speak of the church service. To the greater than the Pharisees and who saw so clearly the inadequacy of their worship-forms, it seemed as if the users of it were wearing blinders that their gaze might be concentrated heavenward and who were, therefore, unable to see their fellowmen around them. That is why He denounced them so severely. By twenty centuries later, through His help, the word has broadened until today it is the key word of all business, of all the professions and of all religions. Just as certain men rather grandiloquently changed the name of their places of labor from the simple words barber shop to tonsorial parlor, so the equally ubiquitous places formerly known as garages have, if not changed their names, at least added a sub-title, and they now advertise themselves as service stations. The slogan of trade is "we aim to please," and one pleases by serving. It is no longer as true as doubtless it once was that if a tradesman had secured an order, delivered the goods and received your check, his interest in you ceased; he now desires to continue to serve you that you may not repent of your purchase. It is true that thereby he puts in operation another slogan of the business world, that a pleased customer is the best advertisement, and to continue to serve you is a good business

policy; still it is also something more than that. And even though there were nothing more in it than this idea of a good policy, is not the world a better place since honesty was considered the best policy? Did it not bring more honesty into the world? Service as a good policy is a step beyond honesty in the same high direction.

The railroads have done likewise. It is not very long since that there was known to almost all an attractive young lady who bore the name of Miss Phoebe Snow, who was always doing what the rest of us have long considered the impossible task of alighting from a train ride in an immaculate condition, yea, as clean as her last name new-fallen. What has become of her only a few know. Perhaps she lost her identity (though this is doubtful in this age of the advancement of women) by marrying; and if so, did she by any chance marry a Mr. White, or a Mr. Black, or a Mr. Gray? She may have retired to her home while her garments of white were being sent to the cleaners, and the cleaners may have replied to her that those garments could not be restored to their pristine loveliness of white. However that may be, note that the railroads have branched out, and that many-sided service is now their chief theme in the advertising world. We read of the countless thousands who silently test the axle ends of each car as it comes to a stop in a station, and that additional horde who keep aright and alight the signals which flash their messages to the wide-awake engineers. This leans toward the other modern advice for safety first; but we may recall the conveniences of valet service, libraries, barber chairs, etc., that now make up so large a part of the advertising attractions of those indispensable common carriers so unknown to our great-grand-parents. True again, these trains thus equipped cost more to ride on than do the others; but underneath all is the desire to render a service to the patrons.

So the word service goes percolating everywhere. Even the church has long since considered that the calling of people together to worship God was not enough; she must rise up and go out to serve. And she is doing it in a multitude of ways. In fact, the church service becomes meaningless unless it inspires to the human service of our fellowmen.

The Boy Scout and kindred organizations have a living slogan, "Do a good turn daily"; and a good turn is always insisted on as not in the line of duty, but beyond it. To bring in the wood for mother or to rake out the ashes of the kitchen range is not a good turn; it is (theoretically, at least) a natural filial pleasure and privilege. To open a door for a lady is not a good turn; it is a bit of gentlemanly courtesy. But to lend a hand on the work of another,

or to run on an errand and refuse the proffered gratuity, that is a good turn, because it is a service rendered without thought of payment therefor, and not in the line of one's duty, except the duty of kindness. For true service can not be paid for; and this inculcation of it among the young is the brightest sign for future happiness and welfare that has come to the world since a certain man walked and talked and died nearly two thousand years ago; and it is, in fact, a belated paying-heed to His teachings about life.

Even kings and queens no longer spend their whole time sitting on gorgeous thrones or riding on caparisoned palfreys, as we delighted to read about their so doing in our childhood. Let a district be ravaged by war, pestilence or earthquake and the monarchs are among the first to appear on the scene or to visit the hospitals; as, to call to mind familiar modern illustrations, King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium in the war zone, and King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena of Italy in the earthquake-stricken district. And yet this is not as modern as we might think; for from the days of the Roman Emperor Hadrian comes the story of the woman who appeared to him with an appeal as he was on a journey, and to whom he replied that he had no leisure. "Then reign no longer," she replied. To her it was better for him not to reign than not to serve his people.

So from mighty potentates, through captains of industry and lawyers and ministers and doctors and tradesmen and laborers, to Boy and Girl Scouts, the call is alike to all: Render service! Mary Lyon at Mt. Holyoke College said to the girls under her care, "Never teach the immortal mind for money. If money making is your object...be something else." Teaching was to her a sacred, not a mercenary, employment. That was said three-quarters of a century ago. Today we would only alter her words by not telling them to take up some other work, but by urging them that in whatever work they found themselves or into which they entered, they should seek to make it one wherein they might render service.

There have been few finer Christian gentlemen in our country (or for that matter in any country at any time) than the military leader of a great lost cause; and he never shone forth more nobly than after Appomatox. General Robert E. Lee was flooded then with opportunities of ease and emolument, and this at a time when he sorely needed money. Some only wished his name and would pay any salary for that alone; but he refused all such offers, taking instead the presidency of a small and run-down college which was in debt. He wished to work, to give, to serve; and he died highly and greatly respected.

On a tombstone in the State of Virginia is inscribed these words, written before his death by him whose body lies beneath them: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." One of his biographers adds these words: "It is highly significant that he never mentions the fact that he had been Governor of Virginia, Secretary of State, Minister to France, and twice President of the United States. That is to say, he never mentions any personal rewards, anything that the people had done for the people, only the service his genius had equipped him to render."

Contrast Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte and William Hohenzollern with the Apostle Paul, David Livingstone and Wilfred T. Grenfell, among the famous, to note the difference in our admirations today of those who lived for power, glory and self-aggrandizement and of those who lived to serve; which after all is the essential difference between those who have understood and tried to live the heart of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and those who have not. Speaking of what he called the moralities and immoralities of words, their rise and fall in meanings and interpretations, one scholar naturally called attention to the rise of this word service. It came of humble origin, almost a humiliating one, akin to the word slave, and it rose to the heights of Him who said, "I, your Lord and Master, am among you as one who serves."

Of all the classifications which we make of our fellowmen there is none that is more exact than that which sets some in the category of those whose chief interests in life are guided by the question, "What can I receive?" and those who are guided by the question, "What can I give?" even though as in all such classifications no man belongs wholly in one class or the other; no man is wholly black, and only one has been entirely pure. But every life has a dominant motive, and one or the other of these questions is quite certain to sum up that motive. The real difference between a great man and a small one occupying a large place; in political matters, for example, between a statesman and a politician, is not, as has been humorously said, because a statesman is dead while a politician is still living; nor is it entirely a difference in foresight and intellect. It is more largely a difference between the man who is seeking to gain for himself through his position or talent, and the man who is single-purposed for the country or object in connection with which he works. There are men who come out of college having acquired much, perhaps they have acquired all that college could reasonably be expected to have given them, but who still lack one great gift,

the ability and the desire to serve others, especially the desire to do so. Such a man never once asked himself what he might be able to do for the college while he was attending it; to him the whole matter was what college could do for him, could give him. He enters business, and he maintains the same attitude that he did toward the college, an attitude which we may succinctly call selfish. The head of one large concern is said to have declared that he did not keep long in his employ, whether a humble employee or a less humbler executive, the man or woman who in talking with him referred to it as "your business." He wished him to speak always of "our business." That slight difference of pronoun denoted whether the person using it saw the concern as someone else's business toward which he had little else than the attitude for himself that it was like a cow for him to milk, if he could, or saw it as something of which he too was a part. In one case he would think of what it was doing for and giving to him; in the other he would also think of what he could do for and give to it. It is very clear that the latter is the better man, both as a man *per se* and from the standpoint of the concern that has hired him. Naturally no one goes into a business "for the fun of it"; he is there presumably because he has his daily bread to earn; but he is also there to give to and help along the business, as surely as he expects the business to help along his desire to live and make a living.

So it is everywhere when we look at life from the glorious height from which the twentieth century is so rapidly learning to view it. A doctor who thinks more of his fees and of his ease than of the good he may do, is already a failure both as a man and a doctor; and be it at once added that there are few such failures in that profession. The legal profession practically stamps such failures, or at least the lay world does, by calling them by the inelegant but deserved name of "shyster" lawyers: those who merely use their gifts for reaping a personal harvest instead of for rendering justice, and who would never, as Abraham Lincoln so frequently did, try to settle a case out of court in the interests of peace, especially when it interferes with a possibly larger fee. And, by that curious boomerang in human affairs, the man who lives to receive comes home at last with very empty hands, while he who lives to give returns, with very full hands. Consider the Dead Sea in Palestine, a body of water most appropriately named. It has no outlet; therefore it is indeed dead. So is the life that lives only for self, and has not purified itself by the great grace of giving, of rendering service.

Now of all the tasks that can engross a man's life, there are two in particular which offer this most beautiful way of living, one of

which is open almost, though not quite entirely, to men only, and the other quite entirely to women. One is the Christian ministry—a significant word, “ministry,” for one who would minister or serve; and the other is that of the trained nurse, to whom has oftenest been applied Laertes’ words concerning his sister, “a ministering angel”; words also which Sir Walter Scott used when he apostrophized women in general:

“O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”

If he was needlessly hard on the sex in the first lines, he atoned for it in the latter lines; and to whom do they better apply than to one of your profession? It is true that the cynic could find exceptions; for of course they exist, they are everywhere; there was a Judas in the band of Disciples, and traitors are not unknown. But the majority, the large, large majority of nurses deserve richly the degree of M.A., Ministering Angel; and while for modesty’s sake it may be well for you to forget that you are an angel, and to hear it from others’ lips and never from your own, it is equally well for you never to forget that you are a minister. To this it is easy to answer that of course one is ministering and serving; how could one be a nurse without doing so; but, according to the definition we are trying to give, true service is what Robert Browning calls “the little more and how much it is the little less and what worlds away,” and what the greatest teacher of the ages called the Second Mile, that extra distance beyond what you were compelled to go. One sees the two extremes in the Harvard professor who said that the University paid him for doing what he would gladly pay for the privilege of doing if he could only afford it; and in the tutor of Gibbon of whom the historian said that “he remembered he had a salary to receive and forgot that he had a duty to perform.” When a minister in his pulpit preaches for pay, his deed becomes sordidly secular. When a nurse serves her patient solely intent on the value of her ministration, her deed becomes as religious as Paul preaching the Gospel throughout Asia Minor and Greece. Everyone who is working for others may be said to serve, yet true service really commences when one does the “little more,” when not the demands of one’s profession, nor the call of duty, nor the sense of obligation, nor the desire to please for the sake of emolument or praise, but when the sheer wish to help another is the great motive, when un-

selfishness is what spurs one on. Who has so great an opportunity for this as does the nurse? Presumably your training has taught you that to read to your patient is as much your duty as to take his temperature at certain hours, though it probably has not been stressed as such a prime essential; therefore to do so when you yourself are dead tired out is an opportunity offered on the point in question. So is the ability to sit quietly and silently, perchance in the dark, with hands folded, for there is nothing else to do with them, when you would much prefer to read or talk, but when your patient needs rest. Undoubtedly the matter of your hours off per day is very well known to you; they are both your desire and your need, and one must of course beware of the selfish demands of some patients, oftener, perhaps, of the patient's family. Sometimes, however, we may transcend duty and enter the pleasant fields of service, and forego those hours. True, it is hard to see why such fields should be called "pleasant"; they surely do not look so as you approach them, but verily they become so as you enter them, and are still more delightful to recall afterwards. Service always, always brings its great reward within the consciousness of the one who renders it. Doubtless, again, your training has told you much of the difficult relations that will sometimes arise between yourself and the family of your patient and oftener with the domestic servants. For the sake of all that is highest and noblest, the path of least resistance, the swallowing with an unseen gulp some tacit or expressed insult, the doing something, or foregoing something, in the interests of peace, this is to all of us the highest form of service, a negative form but none the less powerful for good. It does not by any means always pay, in any coin, to stand on one's dignity or insist on one's rights.

As a minister, I welcome you into the ranks of those who are to serve. As an outsider, I congratulate you on the opportunities of service that lie before you. You will be no Florence Nightingale or Edith Cavell with a name known to posterity, but you will know the greatest name if so be you earn it, the name of one who served. In a later part of the Gospel according to Saint John, it is recorded that some said of the other John, now dead, "He did no miracle." To apply that to your circumstances let it be said, that, compared with the doctor who comes to heal and restore and to perform what to the laity are well nigh miracles, you will do no miracle. That is permitted to the few. But after all there are greater things than miracles, and the greatest of these is the faithful and conscientious doing of one's duty, to which may be added, both by what is done and what is left undone, by a whole attitude toward one's

place, the little, unselfish deeds that on the whole mean more to the total well-being of patients as well as to the uplifting of a whole world, than the skill of the doctor, and certainly mean much to help cure the patient through the effect upon his mind and spirit and to offset the impatience and anxiety of his family. To serve is your especial privilege; may you be found so doing.

REPORT OF GRADUATION EXERCISES

The Graduation Exercises of the Class of 1927, from the Presbyterian Hospital School for Nurses, took place in the Sprague Home on Thursday afternoon, May 26th, at 3 o'clock. As usual the assembly room was not large enough to hold the crowd of interested friends who gathered to congratulate the sixty charming young women who were the heroines of the happy occasion. In the absence of Mr. Shaw, president of the Hospital, Mr. Sharpe, a director of the men's board, presided. And in presenting the diplomas he also presented to Miss McMillan, with words of praise, a large basket containing sixty red roses, one for each graduate and eleven white roses, representing the states from which they came.

The invocation was given by Rev. J. D. Hickman of Third Presbyterian Church, and the address to the graduating class by Rev. George Roberts, of Lake Forest Church. The text of this will be found on another page. In the absence of Mrs. Bass, president of the Woman's Board (in the East attending her own daughter's graduation from college), the much coveted and well earned pins were given by the chairman of Sprague Home for Nurses Committee, who urged the graduates to be reminded by the gold initials to "Persevere in Holding High Their Torch, Never Forgetting to Shine" in their chosen profession, so that the members of the board who stand back of them might always be as proud of them as they were that important day.

HELEN V. DRAKE,
Chairman.

NATIONAL HOSPITAL DAY

National Hospital Day was celebrated at the Presbyterian Hospital by the customary open house, and an unusual number of visitors took advantage of this opportunity to become better acquainted with the institution. Exercises in the chapel were followed by conducted tours through the building, concluding with refreshments served in the reception room by the Woman's Auxiliary Board.

Two charming young women contributed musical numbers on the floors and in the foyer, to the delight of the visitors.

Later in the afternoon groups of High School students, who had been interested in nursing through the talks of the Executive Secretary of the Central Council for Nursing Education, were shown about the Hospital and Nursing School, and also partook of refreshments.

It would have warmed the heart of the Chairman of the House Committee could she have heard the complimentary remarks in regard to the refitting of the reception room. Much praise was voiced, too, for the sun parlor, which has been completely refitted, due to the generosity of Mrs. George R. Nichols.

EXTRACTS FROM A TALK GIVEN BY MR. ASA BACON ON NATIONAL HOSPITAL DAY

During the last quarter of a century, rapid strides have been made in medical research and methods for the cure of disease. Coupled with modern hospital methods, this has greatly reduced the death-rate and the stay of patients in hospitals. During the past twenty-five years the death-rate in the Presbyterian has been cut from 6 per cent to 3 per cent, and the average stay of patients from thirty-two days to a fraction under twelve days.

Formerly appendicitis patients remained in the hospital three to four weeks. Now we send them home in ten to fourteen days. For a kidney or gall-bladder operation, the patients remained four weeks, while they now go home in two weeks. Seventy-five per cent of our patients are from the middle class, therefore it will readily be seen what they are being saved in days of hospital care and suffering as compared to twenty-five years ago.

The business of ministering to the sick and suffering requires that the hospital be ready for any emergency. For instance, in the Presbyterian Hospital there is a very large staff of skilled and competent workers available constantly and on duty day and night. For each important position there is a second or substitute. There is an assistant engineer, chef, dietitian, x-ray operator, pharmacist, etc., throughout the organization. To keep a supply of hot water

available for the patients, which is most important, one pump is kept in reserve. To operate the elevators continuously one extra pump is kept in reserve, and in the boiler room there is an extra boiler with the fires banked, to be ready for any contingency that may arise. So it is all through the hospital. Extra beds are held for emergency, such as motor accident or theatre fire.

In reality, the public knows little of what the hospital is doing for the community, of the wonderful advancement of the medical profession in research work, of the skillful training of nurses in their profession, and of the conservation of the health of the people by the amelioration or prevention of the ills which afflict humanity. It is not the individual alone, but the community, which is benefited, and whatever measure of dollars and cents the hospital costs the community is repaid a thousandfold.

Two hundred eighty-eight thousand four hundred patients have been cared for since the hospital opened in 1883. During the year 1926, 10,970 were cared for, 5,150 of whom paid only a part of the cost of their care, and 2,070 were entirely free. The cost for charity work in 1926 was \$154,666.75. This does not include the free services of the medical staff.

FREE BEDS AND MEMBERS

A donation of \$50,000 entitles the donor to name a twelve-bed ward, which shall remain as a perpetual memorial to the donor, or any other individual he wishes.

A donation of \$20,000 carries the same privilege for a four or six bed ward.

A donation of \$10,000 entitles the donor to designate a room in the Private Pavilion which shall be named as desired by the donor and remain as a perpetual memorial.

A donation of \$7,500 designates a bed in perpetuity.

A donation of \$5,000 designates a bed during one life.

A donation of \$5,000 designates a bed in the Children's Ward in perpetuity.

A donation of \$300 annually designates a free bed in the general wards.

A donation of \$100 or more constitutes the donor a life member of the institution.

A yearly donation of \$10 constitutes an annual member.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the Presbyterian Hospital of the City of Chicago, incorporated under the law of the State of Illinois, the sum of.....Dollars, to be applied to the use and benefit of the said hospital, under the direction of the managers thereof.

FORM OF DEVISE

I give and devise to the Presbyterian Hospital of the City of Chicago, incorporated under the law of the State of Illinois, all that, etc. [*describe the property*], to be had and holden to the said the Presbyterian Hospital of the City of Chicago, and their successors and assigns, for the use and benefit of the said hospital.

ALUMNAE NOTES

At the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association, held January 4th, the following officers were elected:

President.....Edith Stehle, 1921
Vice-President.....Augusta Giller, 1901
Second Vice-President.....Ruth Horn, 1921
Treasurer.....Catherine Clow, 1923
Recording Secretary.....Mrs. Florence Eckdahl Graham, 1921
Corresponding Secretary.....Vera Svaty, 1923
Assistant Corresponding Secretary.....Gunda Engen, 1924

Directors: Mrs. Carrie Belle Herdman McNeill, 1919; Mary Louise Morley, 1921; Gladys Baldwin, 1923; Jessie Stevenson, 1921; Millie Brown, 1909.

Mr. Albert M. Day was elected an honorary member of the Alumnae Association, in recognition of his kindly interest and friendship.

Mrs. Carrie Belle Herdman McNeill, 1919, resigned her position as Teaching Supervisor in January. During February and March she has filled the position of Helen North Nurse, or Free Ward Day Nurse. Anna Rauch, 1921, has taken Mrs. McNeill's place as teaching supervisor.

Lillian Faulkner, 1924, and Anne Hettenger, the Helen North Nurse, have been spending a two months' vacation in California.

Mabel Fennie, 1925, resigned her position as Head Nurse of the Obstetrical Department and has accepted the position of Head Nurse of the Obstetrical Department, Presbyterian Hospital, Denver, Colorado. Hildegard Sumner, 1924, has succeeded Miss Fennie.

Lois Stratton, 1925, has accepted a position of Head Nurseship, Presbyterian Hospital, Denver, Colorado.

Helen Larkin, 1918, and Mrs. Anna Trudgian Bates, 1920, are spending the winter in Tucson, Arizona.

Catherine Clow, 1923, has been appointed Head Nurse in the Dispensary of the Albert Billings Memorial Hospital, University of Chicago.

Della Matthews, 1924, is now Assistant Supervisor of the Central Free Dispensary, the position formerly held by Mrs. Waneita Esch Walsh, 1925.

Ruth Telinde, 1922, will receive her Bachelor of Science degree from Columbia University in June.

Gertrude Sturgis, 1924, has resumed her studies at Columbia. A letter received from Mrs. Helen Munson, 1922, says that

there are more Presbyterian Nurses enrolled at Columbia University than from any other school.

Florence Cooper, 1927; Anita Foss, 1927; Esther Frentz, 1927; Mary Harju, 1927; Florence McConnell, 1927; Ann Nilsen, 1927, and Gertrude Stratton, 1927, have all accepted positions for floor duty in the hospital.

Myrtle Sorenson, 1926, has accepted a position as Night Supervisor of the Highland Park Hospital; and Alice Robertson, 1926, is relieving as Night Supervisor of the Obstetrical Department there.

Eva H. Spencer, 1915, Superintendent of Nurses, and Ruby Hile, 1926, Surgical Nurse, have resigned their positions at Highland Park Hospital.

The friends of Mildred Lunde, 1922, will be glad to learn that she is improving in health. Miss Lunde's address is "Stoney Wood," Lake Kushaqua, New York. Letters from her classmates are in order.

Jessie Coman, 1926, has been appointed to a position as Field Nurse with the Visiting Nurse Association, Chicago.

Mildred Porter, 1925, is sailing for Scotland, where she will join her twin sister, who has just completed her medical degree. From Scotland they will go to their home in India.

Ruth Brown, 1910, has accepted a position as Superintendent of Nurses, Wyandotte Hospital, Detroit, Michigan.

Maxine Day, 1926, is County Nurse, Pratt County, Illinois.

Sarah M. Peak, 1922, has been appointed to a position on the Staff of the Cottage Hospital, Santa Barbara, California.

Dr. and Mrs. Bishop (Jennie Wise, 1922) are having a year of study in Vienna, Austria.

The Alumnae Association has voted a scholarship of \$150.00 for the summer course at the University of Chicago. All members of the Association are eligible. Applicants will be considered by a committee appointed for the purpose.

The annual open meeting of the Alumnae Association, to which the graduating class is invited, will be held the afternoon of April 5th. The luncheon given by the Alumnae Association in welcome of the new graduates will follow on May 27th.

The Florence Nightingale chorus gave its annual spring concert in the Crystal Ballroom of the Blackstone Hotel on Tuesday evening, May 3rd. The chorus was conducted by Robert R. Birch, and accompanied by Joseph C. Anderson. The assisting artists were Helen Fouts Cahoon, soprano; Barre Hill, baritone, and Walter Hancock, violinist. The concert is given in benefit of the Endowment Fund of the School.

On Thursday evening, February 17, 1927, Miss Gladys E. Stephenson, Superintendent of Nurses, Wesleyan Hospital, Anlu, China, talked at Sprague Home to the students of all West Side schools.

Plans and work have begun for the Annual Bazaar, which is given for the benefit of the Free Ward Night Nurse and the Endowment Fund of the school. The bazaar will be held in the early part of November. Any gifts will be greatly appreciated. As this is the twenty-fifth year in the history of the school, we are hoping for greater results than ever before and a substantial addition to the Endowment Fund.

MARRIAGES

Fenna Van Vessem, 1922, to Dr. John Ten Have, November 18, 1926. At home, Zeeland, Michigan.

Ella Bennett, 1919, to Mr. Sanford Sande, December 9, 1926. At home, Slaton, Iowa.

Mary Eckels, 1926, to Mr. Pehr Klintman, December 20, 1926. At home, South America.

Vera Whitlock, 1925, to Dr. Arthur La Master, December 28, 1926.

Lillian Beck, 1925, to Mr. Leland Fuller, December 31, 1926. At home, 5007 South Vincennes Avenue, Chicago.

Pearl Nitsche, 1924, to Mr. Armant Krug, October 15, 1926. At home, 1453 West Eighty-second street, Chicago.

Grace Amerphol Dormeyer, 1921, to Mr. Wilmaryh R. Davison, December 31, 1926. At home, 1643 Juneway Terrace, Chicago.

Gwendolyn Dorland, 1920, to Mr. Harry M. Johnston, February 21, 1927. At home, Napanee, Ontario.

Minnie E. Lorber, 1925, to Mr. A. C. Florin. At home, 2726 Garfield Street, N. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Milda Evenson, 1925, to Mr. F. Walter Reinhard, January 1, 1927. At home, 917 East Forty-seventh Street, Chicago.

Eleanor Severin, 1926, to Mr. Willard F. Cook. At home, 2710 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Lennard, Stella Holum, 1924, a daughter, Sally Lou, December 25, 1926.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. F. W. Clarke, Mabel Berg, 1922, a son, James Frederic Wright, Junior, February 5, 1927.

To Dr. and Mrs. Cecil A. Raymond, Doris Reynolds, 1925, a daughter, Ruth, February 25, 1927.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Sarvin, Myrtle Gadde, 1922, a son, March 9, 1927.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Knorr, Mae Katzenberger, 1925, a son, Thomas Paul, January 4, 1927.

To Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth B. Hendrick, Lois Cheney, 1921, a son, Donald Cheney, February 26, 1927.

DEATHS

Mrs. Clemence Ruby Lucken Dunlap, 1916, 705 Hickory Street, Anaconda, Montana, on November 10, 1926, of tubercular meningitis. She is survived by her husband, Dr. L. G. Dunlap, and daughter, Helen Florence.

Mrs. Lugarda Finicle Bjorga, 1918, Cannon Falls, Minnesota, on February 22, 1927, following an operation for appendicitis.

The infant son of Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Allen, on February 23, 1927, at the Presbyterian Hospital. Mrs. Allen will be remembered as Grace Robeson, 1919.

PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL
SCHOOL OF NURSING

